

# Good Morning

123

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

## Continuing his series of unsolved mysteries, STUART MARTIN tells of THE SHADOW OF THE GALLOWS

—and "Good Morning" again say PUSS and HIS MISTRESS



For A.B.  
A. R. CAREY

For A.B. Frank  
Coulridge



ONE of the first things I noticed when I visited your mother in Putney was a plate on which were the words, "First Prize; Fulham Singing Competition."

So, A.B. Albert Rex Carey, you're a crooner, are you? Well, I'll leave that for your shipmates to debate.

Your mother would give a lot to hear your voice again now. She and Father are very well and just getting over a spot of house decorating. It seems the painters left more paint on the furniture than the walls! "Rocky," your girl-friend, dropped in the other day to tell your mother she had received a cable from you on her birthday. There's a night at the Hammersmith Palais de Danse on your next leave programme. It's going to be on "Rocky," too.

There are several messages for you; the landlord at the "Bull and Star" sends greetings; Alfred, your young brother, who is getting on well at his first job, hopes to see you soon; Valerie and her husband, Billy, send their love; Dora, your sister-in-law, and her seven-month-old son, send kisses; and from your mother comes fondest wishes and all her love.

... from a Front  
Line Girl friend

MISS SYLVIA HAMMOND is one of our front-line women; she holds a key position in a munitions factory.

When I called at her home I was told that she was at work and was never home until late at night, so I called at the factory.

We only had a few minutes, so she was only able to send a very brief message.

Sylvia would like to congratulate you on your award. "Sailor" Brown at the "Prince of Wales" has been asking after you; your people wrote to say they were very well and had heard from you; and several friends send best wishes.

Sorry this is so short, Frank, but I assure you Sylvia's wishes are none the less sweet. Good Luck!

RONALD RICHARDS.

I HAVE seen men die with a rope round their necks on the scaffold. I have seen them die in the electric chair in Sing Sing. But I think the most thrilling experience a man can have is to be told that he is innocent of the murder for which he is held.

It is a moment of vivid, almost blinding, realisation that he is free to live again. I have watched the slow dawning of the release on the face of more than one. It seemed always that the man's brain declined to register and that his physique was unable to take the blow of freedom.

Four years ago, one of the foulest murders ever committed occurred at Hornchurch.

A nine-year-old girl, pretty, happy, little Pamela Coventry, left her home one day and walked to her terrible, outrageous death. She was seen in company with a man, and it was the last time she was seen alive.

Her body was found later in a ditch, trussed up like a fowl. She had endured worse than death before oblivion came.

The stub-end of a cigarette was found on her body. That was a clue.

She had been tied up with a length of black electric cable. That was another clue.

The cigarette had dropped from the mouth of her murderer when he knelt to take her young life. It was not an ordinary, machine-made cigarette. It was of the type rolled by the smoker himself.

The police had their best detectives on the case quickly enough. They examined, tested, deduced; and after the routine of investigation they laid hands on Leonard Richardson, aged twenty-eight, a chemical worker, of Hornchurch; a married man, dapper, fair-haired, short in stature; and the police charged him with the murder of Pamela Coventry.

The trial of Richardson took place at the Central Criminal Court at the end of March, 1939. It lasted four days, and came to an end on Friday, the last day of the month.

In the witness-box, Richardson denied that he even knew Pamela Coventry. At the prosecuting counsel's request, he put on his overcoat. When it was pointed out to him that there were bloodstains inside a sleeve, he admitted this at once. He said that he had injured his knuckles when tightening some nuts at his work and the bloodstains came from his hand.

He was handed the piece of black cable. He admitted that he had used some white, black and green cable to tie up the runner-beans in his garden, but he had tied tarred string to that cable; and he had never seen cable like that used in the murder.

**CIGARETTE TEST.**

He was asked if he would roll a cigarette in court. There was a certain crinkle in the one found on Pamela Coventry's body, and this was caused by a peculiar back-roll, a twist of the maker's fingers.

Mr. Justice Hawke, who presided at the trial, left his seat and stood by the witness-box while Richardson rolled the cigarette, then handed it to the Judge.

Counsel for Richardson asked if there was any fold in the paper, and Richardson replied that there was a small fold. The Judge said he thought it was a crease rather than a back-roll.

Luncheon hour came and relieved the tension of the court; but after the luncheon hour came another "sensational." The foreman of the jury handed a note to the Clerk, who handed it to the Judge.

Mr. Justice Hawke, after reading it, asked the foreman:



"May I take it that you do not think there is enough evidence to justify you in finding this man guilty?"

The foreman agreed, and the Judge continued: "That being so, you can give your verdict now. I told you yesterday afternoon that you could stop the case if you wanted to."

So that was that. The jury returned a formal verdict of Not Guilty. Leonard Richardson was innocent, and the murder of little Pamela Coventry was unsolved.

I had watched the accused man when he stepped into the box after lunch. He must have known then the crisis was coming quickly, one way or the other; but when the jury interrupted the case, a strange glimmer came into his eyes. His body swayed slightly. His face became rigid and taut.

**REACTION SETS IN.**

I wonder if he heard the short conversation between the Judge and the jury. Contact between his brain and his senses did not seem to function.

A hand touched his arm; he moved from the dock. He reacted as an automaton. He stepped down slowly, still with that remarkable lack of expression on his face.

Not until he was standing on the floor of the court did registration of the new situation begin to bore towards his mind.

One could observe the effects of the chemical change in his blood. Suddenly, the face that had been pale flushed, like the upspringing of a tropic sun at dawn.

The flush came into his eyes, died out, then returned. And he died out again.

As he passed towards the door of the court with the throng he was brought close to the father and mother of little Pamela Coventry. Tenseness. Not a word from either side. Oh, yes, very tense.

He gradually reached the door, where his wife, who had given evidence for him, was waiting. She had waited there every day of the trial, pacing up and down the corridor. Now she pushed towards him. They kissed, tears in her eyes, a glint in his.

**DID HE KNOW?**

Somebody handed him a cigarette. He smoked furiously, blowing the smoke up-

ward in jerks. Did he know he was smoking a cigarette?

He borrowed one for his wife. Her hand was trembling as she lit it. Lips, too. Did he know he had borrowed a cigarette for her?

People began to shake his hand, people he had never seen before, people he did not recognise. Among them was the foreman of the jury. "All the best, Richardson," he said.

Did Richardson hear? The reply came from his wife. "Thank you," she murmured. "I never lost faith through it all."

Perhaps "hope" would have been a better word; but who can choose words in such a scene?

Somebody else pressed congratulations on him. This time he answered... jerkily. "It has been a terrible time... I can now hold up my head..."

Automatically his head jerked upward. Reaction to his words. His mind was beginning to struggle through the mist. He jerked his head upward.

Never mind his wife. She was no longer smoking. Tears.

He jerked his head upward for the third time.

He swam through the crowd. Not until he faced the bright street, where taxis hummed, and men and women moved, did the look I was waiting for appear.

If leaving the dock had been the dawn, the sight of human beings in the street was full noonday to this man. It was more than that. His brain came into function.

**THAT LOOK!**

There was something that leaped into his eyes as he boarded a taxi-cab, something that cannot be explained in words. It cannot be acted in any theatre.

It cannot be observed anywhere except in the face of one who has seen and heard the flutter of the dark wings of Death beating out the last moments of Life... and has beat back the wings.

Maybe such a look, such a gleam, was on the face of Joan of Arc... or on that of St. Stephen... when they gazed in ecstasy on a vision of Paradise.

Leonard Richardson was FREE again!

Periscope  
PageWANGLING  
WORDS—85

- Place the same two letters, in the same order, both before and after LIV, to make a word.
- Rearrange the letters of PERCES HOTEL, to make a Northern coast resort.
- Change COAL into SACK, altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration.
- Change in the same way: LOCK into GATE, TIME into PIPS, LAMB into MINT.
- How many four-letter and five-letter words can you make from CARICATURE?

Answers to Wangling  
Words—No. 84

- TERGIVERSATE.
- VIC OLIVER.
- CORN, CORE, TORE, TORT, TOOT, TROT, TROD, PROD, PROP, CROP.
- TEA, SEA, SET, SIT, SIN, SUN, BUN.
- GLOW, GROW, GROT, TROT, TOOT, TORT, WORT, WORM.
- WASP, WAST, CAST, COST, POST, PEST, NEST.
- Tail, Lout, Rail, Liar, Tour, Rout, Hurt, Hart, That, Lath, Cult, Cart, Riot, Rota, Curt, Ruth, Tall, Talc, Tart, etc.
- Rural, Tract, Trail, Tutor, Truth, Chart, Hour, Court, Rathe, etc.

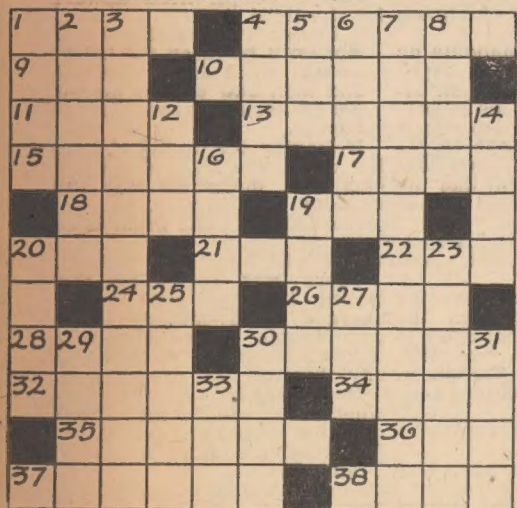
B E L G R A D E  
E G I O E V E V  
E L N O C E S E  
L A S R L R I R  
Z N E K A A R E  
E D E H S G E S  
B U D A P E S T

Solution to yesterday's puzzle.

Send us your stories  
jokes, drawings  
and ideas—help  
produce your own  
newspaper.

## CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS. 1 Stylish. 4 Headache. 9 Double.



CLUES DOWN.

- Steep rock.
- Cry of joy.
- Rambling speech.
- Meditate.
- Sort of beer.
- Forest space.
- Without forgetting.
- Notion.
- Tint.
- Tied.
- Soot flake.
- Meat dish.
- Narrow aperture.
- Undoing device.
- Hold forth.
- Zero.
- 29
- Flesh food.
- 30
- Remain.
- 31
- Scold.
- 33
- Fruit.

THE SINISTER  
WILLR. L. Stevenson continues  
the Strange Case of  
Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde

THAT evening Mr. Utterson came home to his bachelor house in sombre spirits, and sat down to dinner without relish. It was his custom of a Sunday, when this meal was over, to sit close by the fire, a volume of some dry divinity on his reading desk, until the clock of the neighbouring church rang out the hour of twelve, when he would go soberly and gratefully to bed.

On this night, however, as soon as the cloth was taken away, he took up a candle and went into his business room. There he opened his safe, took from the most private part of it a document endorsed on the envelope as Dr. Jekyll's Will, and sat down with a clouded brow to study its contents.

The will was holograph; for Mr. Utterson, though he took charge of it now that it was made, had refused to lend the least assistance in the making of it; it provided not only that in case of the decease of Henry Jekyll, M.D., D.C.L., LL.D., F.R.S., etc., all his possessions were to pass into the hands of his "friend and benefactor Edward Hyde"; but that in case of Dr. Jekyll's disappearance or unexplained absence for any period exceeding three calendar months, the said Edward Hyde should step into the said Henry Jekyll's shoes without further delay, and free from any burthen or obligation, beyond the payment of a few small sums to the members of the doctor's household.

This document had long been the lawyer's eyesore. It offended him both as a lawyer and as a lover of the sane and customary sides of life, to whom the fanciful was the immodest. And hitherto it was his ignorance of Mr. Hyde that had swelled his indignation; now, by a sudden turn, it was his knowledge.

It was already bad enough when the name was but a name of which he could learn no more. It was worse when it began to be clothed upon with detestable attributes; and out of the shifting, insubstantial mists that had so long baffled his eye there leaped up the sudden, definite presentment of a fiend.

"I thought it was madness," he said, as he replaced the obnoxious paper in the safe, "and now I begin to fear it is disgrace."

With that he blew out his candle, put on a greatcoat, and set forth in the direction of Cavendish Square, that citadel of medicine, where his friend, the great Dr. Lanyon, had his house and received his crowding patients. "If anyone knows it will be Lanyon," he had thought.

The solemn butler knew and welcomed him; he was sub-

jected to no stage of delay, but ushered direct from the door to the dining-room, where Dr. Lanyon sat alone over his wine. This was a hearty, healthy, dapper, red-faced gentleman, with a shock of hair prematurely white, and a boisterous and decided manner.

At sight of Mr. Utterson he sprang up from his chair and welcomed him with both hands. The geniality, as was the way of the man, was somewhat theatrical to the eye, but it reposed on genuine feeling.

For these two were old friends, old mates both at school and college, both thorough respecters of themselves and of each other, and, what does not always follow, men who thoroughly enjoyed each other's company.

After a little rambling talk the lawyer led up to the subject which so disagreeably preoccupied his mind.

## THE 1000 MARBLES



A shopkeeper has 1,000 marbles. By putting them into 10 separate bags he arranges them so that any amount can be bought without having to break into any of the bags. Can you work out how he did it in the space provided above?

"I suppose, Lanyon," said he, "you and I must be the two oldest friends that Henry Jekyll has?"

"I wish the friends were younger," chuckled Dr. Lanyon. "But I suppose we are. And what of that? I see little of him now."

"Indeed!" said Utterson. "I thought you had a bond of common interest."

"We had," was the reply, "but it is more than ten years since Henry Jekyll became too fanciful for me. He began to go wrong, wrong in mind; and though, of course, I continue to take an interest in him for old sake's sake, as they say, I see and I have seen devilish little of the man. Such unscientific balderdash," added the doctor, flushing suddenly purple.

## JANE



Meanwhile the story is being repeated in the streets and markets of Cosmos...



...and is overheard by one of Hager's Blackguard troopers!

"would have estranged Damon and Pythias."

This little spirit of temper was somewhat of a relief to Mr. Utterson. "They have only differed on some point of science," he thought, and, being a man of no scientific passions (except in the matter of conveyancing), he even added, "It is nothing worse than that!"

He gave his friend a few seconds to recover his composure, and then approached the question he had come to put.

"Did you ever come across a protégé of his—one Hyde?" he asked.

"Hyde?" repeated Lanyon. "No. Never heard of him. Since my time."

Hitherto it had touched him on the intellectual side alone; but now his imagination also was engaged, or rather enslaved; and as he lay and tossed in the gross darkness of the night and the curtained room, Mr. Enfield's tale went by before his mind in a scroll of lighted pictures.

He would be aware of the great field of lamps of a nocturnal city; then of the figure of a man walking swiftly; then of a child running from the doctor's; and then these met, and that human juggernaut trod the child down and passed on regardless of her screams.

Continued on Page 3.

## TO-DAY'S PICTURE QUIZ



It could be a sword-swallowing hedgehog, if you wanted to make it so, but, of course, you'd be wrong. It is, however, one of the following: Gopher, Hamster, Anteater, Mongoose, Sperrmophile, or Poyou. Can you say which? Answer to Picture Quiz in No. 122 is Painting the Forth Bridge.

## Who is it?

He was born in 1857. Is famous for his immaculate top and his perpetual cigars. The greatest supporter of all sport, racing, boxing, hunting, etc. Owns thousands of acres and a castle. Regular attendant at the ringside. Who is he? (Answer on Page 3)

QUIZ  
for today

- What is a gopher?
- Who wrote (a) "Coral Island," (b) "The Island of Dr. Moreau"?
- Which of the following is an "intruder," and why: Plaice, Turbot, Roach, Sole, Halibut, Haddock?
- What is a pretzel?
- Where is the Bridge of Sighs?
- What is murrain?
- What is meant by pulchritude?
- What is a nuphar?
- Where do we read of Captain Reece, R.N.?
- What is the difference between an oracle and an auricle?
- When, and by whom, was chloroform first used?
- What is chowder?

Answers to Quiz  
in No. 122

- A fruit bat, or flying fox.
- (a) Compton Mackenzie, (b) Louis Golding
- Emerald, which is green; all the others are red.
- An Irish moneylender.
- Caithness, Scotland.
- An Indian peasant.
- The act of drinking healths.
- Mountain ash.
- Character in Kipling's "Stalky and Co."
- A fibre obtained from an American plant related to the daffodil.
- 1045.
- A pole used for moving a punt.

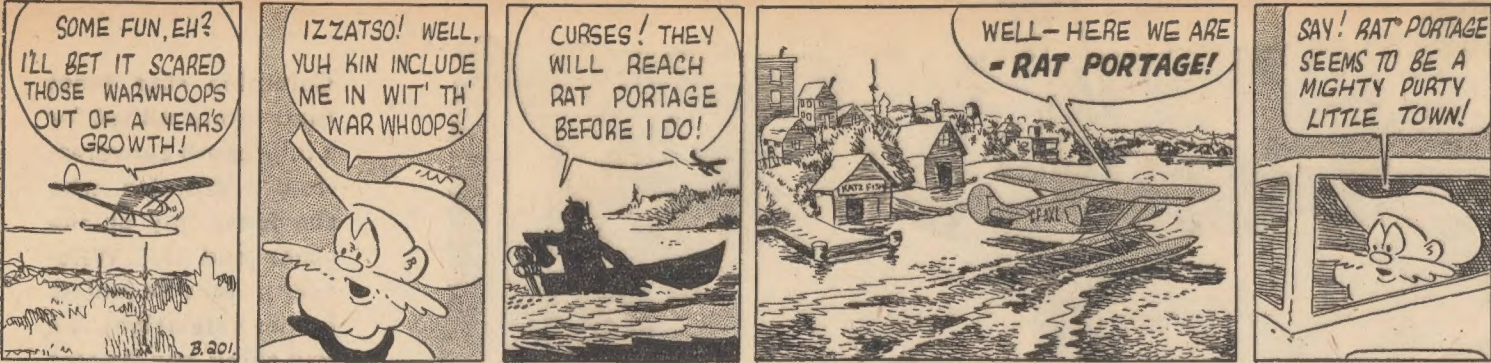
## ODD CORNER

WHEN the ancient Roman city at St. Albans was being excavated in 1932, a valuable mosaic pavement was unearthed, and it was decided to take it up so that it could be preserved. The Italian workmen, who have specialised in this sort of work since Roman times, were not obtainable, and the job was given to the only other person in the country who could do it.

This was a woman—Mrs. Mortimer Wheeler, the archaeologist. She took the pavement up intact by glueing canvas on to the top of it and then chipping away the cement underneath. The pavement was then rolled up like a carpet and taken away to be set in a frame. Here it was laid in new cement, and when dry the canvas was removed.

Women experts are known in every field, and one of the most remarkable was Dr. Alice Werner, Emeritus Professor of Swahili and Bantu in the University of London, and the greatest authority on African native life. She spoke 300 languages, and lived the greater part of her life among the natives. During one trek she came across the mysterious Pakome tribe, believed to be the only race who eat crocodiles.

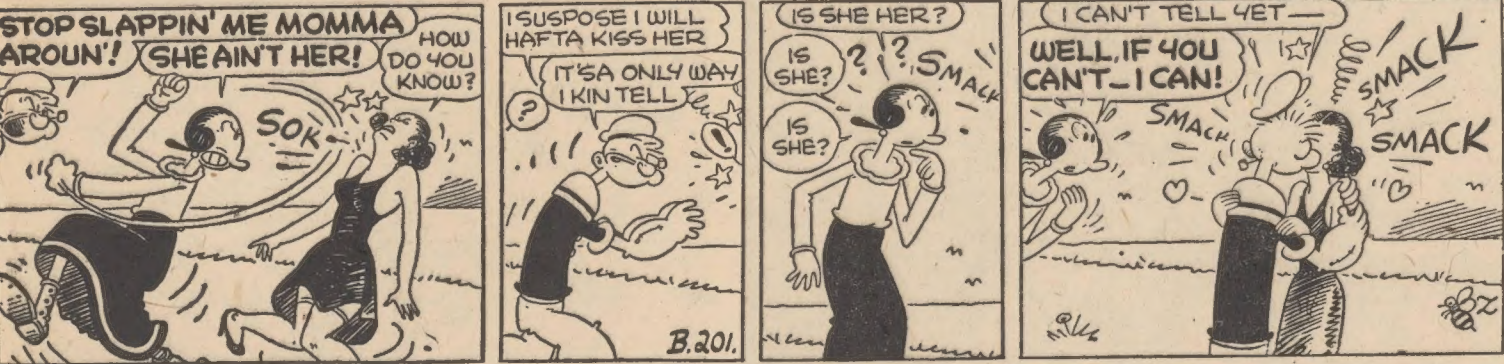
Beelzebub Jones



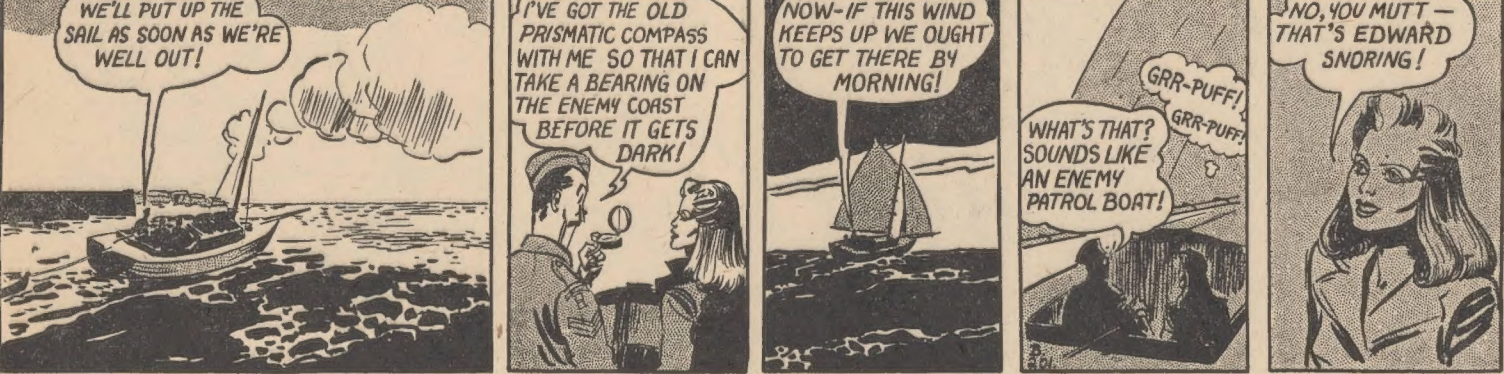
Belinda



Popeye



Ruggles



Garth



DR. JEKYLL and MR. HYDE

Continued from Page 2.

Or else he would see a room in a rich house, where his friend lay asleep, dreaming and smiling at his dreams; and then the door of that room would be opened, the curtains of the bed plucked apart, the sleeper recalled, and lo! there would stand by his side a figure to whom power was given, and even at that dead hour he must rise and do its bidding.

The figure in these two phases

haunted the lawyer all night; and if at any time he dozed over, it was but to see it glide more stealthily through sleeping houses, or move the more swiftly and still the more swiftly, even to dizziness, through wider labyrinths of lamp-lighted city, and at every street corner crush a child and leave her screaming.

And still the figure had no face by which he might know it; even in his dreams it had no face, or one that baffled him and melted before his eyes; and thus it was that there sprang up and grew apace in the lawyer's mind a singularly strong, almost an inordinate, curiosity to behold the features of the real Mr. Hyde. If he could but once set eyes on him, he thought the mystery would lighten and perhaps roll altogether away, as was the habit of mysterious things when well examined.

He might see a reason for his friend's strange preference or bondage (call it which you

He cast off his friends as a huntsman his pack,  
For he knew when he pleas'd he could whistle them back.  
Oliver Goldsmith  
(on Garrick).

Our ancestors were very good kind of folks; but they are the last people I should choose to have visiting acquaintance with.  
Richard B. Sheridan  
(1751-1816).

But pleasures are like poppies spread;  
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed;  
Or, like the snowfall in the river,  
A moment white, then melts forever.  
Robert Burns.

Of their own merits modest men are dumb.  
George Colman  
(1762-1836).

Percival and Arabella

By F. W. THOMAS

THE Aged Philosopher sat up in bed and removed a portion of Abernethy biscuit from his beard.

Romance (he said) is alleged to have brought up the nine-fifteen. Maybe—maybe the engine driver was courting a house-parlourmaid. Perhaps the fireman was in love with his landlady's daughter.

But if ever you fall in love, my sons, don't get it mixed up with such material matters as the nine-fifteen. Learn to keep things separate. Fact and Fancy are as oil and water. They will not mix. And women hate facts. Especially women in love. They have enough facts to deal with in connection with coupons and ration books, and they prefer their romance neat, unadulterated with dull and ponderous things like facts.

In witness whereof, let me tell you the sad story of Percival Parsley.

Percival was a Chartered Accountant, and, I believe, a very good one. Double-entry was just pie to him, and at balancing books he had Cinquevalli looking like a rhinoceros with lumbago. There was nothing that young man could not do with figures.

HE FIGURED IT OUT.

But one day a figure he had never seen before came into his life. It belonged to Miss Arabella Miffy, a sweet and gentle maid, "too bright and good for human nature's daily food." At least, so Percival thought.

Nevertheless he decided to have a go. To that end he bought himself a pink shirt and a brown bowler hat, and set off in quest of his beloved.

Like a good tactician, he started slowly. First, he bought her a buttonhole. Then he held her hand. Later, about seven months later, he let her take him to the movies, on condition that he paid the bus fare, which was tuppence.

And so Love burgeoned in their hearts, and often they would sit for hours, looking into each other's eyes, which was economical, and just suited Percival, who had a frugal mind.

Sometimes, on balmy summer evenings, they would sit together on a stile, while he spoke to her in hushed accents of the Differential Calculus and the Binomial Theorem. She just loved that.

Then came a magical evening in June. Hand in hand they wandered through the flower-sprinkled meadows, listening to the song of the Lesser Spotted Wimplesnitch, and watching the cows as they placidly chewed their last meal all over again.

There was a young moon, a silver sickle in the western sky, and the last of the daylight was fading in rose and daffodil. On a bank beside a murmuring stream sat Percival with his Arabella, and all was right with the world.

Pensively, the demure young damsel plucked a daisy, and with downcast eyes proceeded to strip it of its petals, one by one, whispering to herself that age-old rune, "He loves me, he loves me not, he loves me."

BY ARITHMETIC.

"Pardon me," said Percival, "but what you are doing is quite unnecessary. May I suggest that you first count the total number of petals and then divide them by two. Should the number prove to be an even one, by which I mean that there is no remainder, then you may take it that your affection is not reciprocated.

"On the other hand, should there be a remainder of one—"

But here the sweet young wench lifted her umbrella and caught him an almighty wallop over the scone or cranium, kicked his bowler hat into a green ditch, and so-went home.

Three weeks later, although quite ignorant of the language, she married a French Polisher.

And now (said the Aged Philosopher) you boys buzz off. My bread-an-milk's getting cold.

Sid Field says—

IN a big hotel I overheard the head porter say to a very small page: "Why did it take you four hours to go to the post office?"

The boy looked very innocent, and replied: "Well, you said to see how long it would take me to get there and back."

Answer to WHO IS IT?  
LORD LONSDALE.

# Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning," C/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1.

## GIVING YOU THE LOW-DOWN



Columbia star Janet Blair seems all set for a full-length conversation. Wonder who the lucky guy at the other end is. Whoever he may be (unless he has television), we still think our "point of view" on the discussion is the better one.



"Look, Mamma, you can't do this, nor can Pop. Ha, ha! Youth can do ANYTHING."



"Blimey! I'm feelin' dizzy. Hell! I'll never pass out for the Navy."



"Loosen up, child, loosen up. You're stiff with fright. You'll pass O.K. for the Navy. Submariners love mascots."



"Excuse me, but have you just come in with the tide? I don't believe you're real, you know. When I get used to you, I'll take you to the water, just to see."

### ★ *This England*

Schoolgirl stories in the playground of a school under the shadow of Tewkesbury's fine old Norman Abbey.

★



Did you ever see such a despondent "eleven" take the field? Looks as though they've all been dismissed for "ducks."

### SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"Excuse me, my lunch is coming along."

